

DARLING.

The author of the following beautiful poem is unknown. It is one of the sweetest gems ever published in the English language.—G. F. A.]
A little maid with sweet blue eyes
Looked upward with a shy surprise
And said, "I like her name;
While o'er her face soft blushes spread.
She's looking up, she softly said,
"My name is Mamma's Darling."

"Tell me your mother's name, my dear,"
And stooping low I paused to hear—
The little maid seemed musing;
"Mamma's name is Mamma, you know,
But just because we love her so,
We call her Mamma Darling."

"Tell me your name's name," I cried;
The little maiden's eyes grew wide;
"My papa? Don't you know?
Why, ever since the baby died
Mamma's name has always tried
To cheer him up, and make him here,
And my mamma and I love best
To call him Papa Darling."

"What did you call the baby, dear?"
The answer came quite low but clear;
"The baby—oh, I wonder what
You call him now in heaven;
But we have a name here,
And that was Baby Darling."

Swift years flew by, and once again
That little maid so tender
Stood by my side, but she had grown
Like little hills, tall and slender.
The name she gave me called her name,
And swift the blushes flew like flame
At rosy morn of morning;
I clasped her in my arms and kissed
My tender-hearted Darling.

DOROTHEA INGRAM.

A Story of Early Colonial Days.

BY CHARLES C. HAHN.

CHAPTER I.

A COLONIAL SETTLEMENT.

LL night long the woods had re-echoed the sweet trill of the New England nightingale. Toward daybreak the vesper and the hair bird had taken up the song, and set their leafy homes ringing with their voices.

The morning broke cool and exhilarating. All around the settlement circled the deep forest, so dense and luxuriant that the sun never penetrated its deepest glades, nor entirely drove away the night from beneath its innermost trees, which interlaced branches to bar the intruder out. So thick was the forest that no grass, save here and there a solitary blade or cluster, could seal the rich black loam, the productive farms of future generations. But the dainty blue violet and other wood flowers bloomed in their season, in scant profusion. Now, however, only the latest of summer's colors brightened the earth or perfumed the leafy arches with their fragrance. Instead, the ground was beginning to be covered with an irregular mosaic of dead and dying autumn leaves. The trees, too, were displaying the same diversity of color. As one looked down into the depths of the forest he could trace every shade of green and brown, with here and there a scarlet fringe. Here is all oak with leaves still green as spring, and farther on a distant cousin who is coming out in colors such as artists never hope to imitate with paint and brush; while standing side by side with this gay young gallant is a more unfortunate brother doomed to pass into his winter's sleep in dusky, ugly brown. The long feathered limbs and branching maples that have not yet been touched by frost, protected, perhaps, by other trees, proclaim their respective family traits, and wave aloft their family colors of a lighter tint of green than the hard-wooded oak; while those which have felt the first touches of winter's pioneers are gracefully turning themselves into the more subdued autumn colors, more delicate, if less gorgeous, than the colors of the oak. Sometimes the poison ivy twines in and out among the branches of some friendly tree and mingles its bright red leaves with the green of its supporters. When the tree is brown, as perchance it may be, the brilliant colors peeping out from beneath or behind the more sober suit, reminds one of a gayly plumed bird flitting its feathers within its cage or of a captive peering out from behind his prison bars.

In Sagnack also signs of autumn were visible, and the thrifty pioneers were following nature in their preparation for the long winter months. The gardens were being robbed of their spoils, and immense mounds marked the places where the crops of potatoes and turnips and apples had been covered with thick layers of straw and earth, to protect them from the severe New England cold. Young ears of corn showed themselves through the lower chinks of the log granaries which before another month would be filled to the very brim. Beside the kitchen doors lay golden heaps of mammoth pumpkins and long-necked squashes, which were being constantly diminished by the busy housewife and her daughters, who cut and hung them in long festoons from the kitchen rafters. Embryo woodpiles, which before another month would be heaped high as the house and again dwindle down to their present size by spring, marked each home. Shelter for cattle was being made more secure, and the pens were filled with hogs, which had nothing to do all day long but munch the yellow ears of corn and grow fat for Christmas killing.

Upon the inlets which had been cut from the settlement into the woods to let the waves of human work and life farther out, were rows of corn shocks, not unlike in appearance the Indian wigwams which a century before may have graced their very site. These little indentations of the forest, like so many arms reaching out from the town to reclaim the land and wrest it from the woody giants which held it for miles around, had been the result of five years of honest toil, of felling of trees and grubbing of roots, until now so much of the rich black earth had been reclaimed and was yielding an abundant harvest. This harvest the sturdy boys of the colony were attacking as though it were an Indian village to be razed, and, having laid the wigwams low, proceeded leisurely to separate them into piles of yellow ears and great heaps of fodder—the one rich winter feed for the cattle; the former to be hauled to the mill by the creek and ground into meal for family sub-sakes, bread, and puddings.

This mill, which was owned by the colonists, was a picture of a building, had been built from logs, and was a great power and set up here by Sagnack.

Creek, which wound around the east and south of town. The pilgrims had done their best to make it prosaic, but by some unwritten law a mill is always picturesque, build it prim and straight as we will. The very rudeness in structure of Sagnack mill added to its beauty. Anything else than unplaned planks or riven boards for the roof would have been out of place among the trees which grew up to its very walls, and the leaves which beat a tattoo upon the roof with every wind that blew. A dam had been thrown across the creek just below the curve to the westward; banking up a deep pool, around which the willows grew, sweeping their long limbs over the surface and under which the boys passed hours with hook and line. The water held back by the dam of logs, rushed down tumultuously through the sluiceways, turned the great wheel which set the machine in motion, escaped and went on its way through the woods, a little angry with dam and wheel, but rather merry with over its regained freedom.

All night long the woods had re-echoed the trill of the nightingales, and all day long the sound of the woodman's ax made sweet music for the wives at Sagnack. Down deep in the forest and farthest from the settlement—so far, in fact, that the sound of his ax could not faintly be heard at the edge of the wood—the man who had blazed the way and led the colonists to their new home was preparing his winter fuel on this autumn morning. But no woman's heart would have quickened its beat for a moment with thoughts of the chopper, had one heard the ring of his ax, or known it was his. For Mark Hillary was the black sheep of Sagnack, and up to date had succeeded in acquiring for himself a reputation for roughness and, if not for crime, the near approach to it, which caused his respectable neighbors to look upon him as little better than a heathen, if not worse. The minister said "worse," and in truth his conduct, and open ridicule of those institutions which our Puritan forefathers held most dear, gave ample reason for his low repute among them. With a strong will-power, aided by great physical strength, he had all his life spurned control and resented anything which savored of compulsion or restriction upon his rights or freedom of thought and action. Thus he had come at once in contact with church and state.

Early in life Mark Hillary had crossed the ocean and lent his strength in building up the New England, hoping in her to find the freedom he had not secured in old England, so when he encountered the rigid laws of the Puritan government, which prescribed not only what he must believe and do, but what he must believe and think, his nature rebelled, and, being called to account once or twice for some careless remark concerning the Puritan faith, he abjured religion and took the position of open antagonism to the church. Then, being badgered by both church and state, both of which had been founded to allow freedom of belief, he became cynical and took care to spare no one, not even the Rev. Henry Granville, if opportunity afforded a sharp rebuke such lightness, but whom the Squire motioned to remain seated, Mark sat down.

The charge was read, in which it was stated with all due form, that Mark Hillary, of Sagnack, Commonwealth of Massachusetts, had on several occasions offended the sacred laws of Sagnack, his Majesty the King, broken the peace of Sagnack, and done lasting injury to God's church by denying the power of God, denouncing His holy word, and indulging in his vicious propensity for sneering, and by ridiculing the holy men of old whose lives were given us for patterns of life.

"Mark Hillary," began the Squire, after the charge had been read, "you are here charged by the Rev. Henry Granville, first, with having stated openly that the ten commandments were not to be obeyed. What have you to say to the charge?"

"I never said exactly that," replied Hillary. "But what I did say was that where we are commanded to make no image of anything in heaven or on earth or under the earth, that it is not binding, because, if binding, you, Squire, must take down those pictures from your walls; and I also said that where we are told to observe the Sabbath day is not binding, or, if it is, we are all breaking God's law, for no one observes that day. We all keep Sunday, not Saturday."

"Blasphemy!" ejaculated the Rev. Henry Granville.

"Again, you are charged with speaking lightly of the Holy Bible, the sacred book of God, and have not only ridiculed the holy men therein mentioned, but have denied that we are to be governed by those books known as the Old and New Testaments."

"Certainly, Squire. Was David such a saintly man that we should follow his example? Didn't he steal a man's flocks and kill another to get his wife, when he already had a hundred or more? How many wives does Rev. Henry Granville think a man ought to have? And, as to that old book, I confess I care little for the first part of it, for it is only a history of the Jews, and I'm no Jew. Some parts of the New Testament are all right and some are not. Paul runs down matrimony, and, while running it down, says he thinks he has the spirit of God. If he thought so, I don't. And, as for sending that slave back to the man who claimed to own him—I know you all believe in one man owning another, but I don't; and I don't believe that what Paul said then will hold good a hundred years from now. It may to-day, but that does not make it right."

"You hear him!" again interrupted the minister. "His own words bear witness against him."

"Again," continued the Squire, "you are charged with denying that the inspired words of our Lord, the New Testament, are to be the rule of our lives."

"No, I never, for I read them every day. What I did say was, that you worshiped the book instead of God. And I deny that God wrote it. Christ founded His Church and left His apostles to run it. (Groans from the minister.) They wrote to different churches according to the churches' needs. Some of them are good for us, some are not."

"Lastly," said the squire, "I have here what purports to be a poem, in your hand. Is it yours?"

"Yes, I see no reason for denying it," quoth Hillary, after looking at the manuscript.

In measured tones the minister then read the following:

God is dead. The God of ages, God of might and power, The mystic dread I AM, who through the past Buled all the universe, lay still in death.

The glorious symphony of earth and sky Had ceased, and death-like silence reigned in In state the Monarch lay before the Throne; His pall a shining cloud of light, so bright, So terrible that none dare turn his eyes.

Upon the bier; and none dare lift the pall And gaze on that great One, whom men had thought Could never die.

The deepest silence. Then Came slowly, lowly, sadly forth the deep, Majestic funeral march. The heavenly choir Was mute. The air still off heaven broke forth And writhed with low, and dirges for the King. Softly it came, mysterious, shadowy, such As none or stable never heard before.

He died. Through space confusion reigned. Around

Our earth the long pent storm of ages burst Its barriers and swept across its face. Stout trees were lost. The very mountains bowed.

Before the storm. Loud peals of thunder rolled, The sea was in a fury, mad, and wild. High as the heaven, broke upon the shore.

The dead, who in their graves had slept arose, And in white shrouds, weird and wild, came

From out the earth, and sought their prey.

Then, when the tempest had passed, the sun rose.

And those bodies, the mass of shrouds and

Unholy mists from heaven and hell—had

"O, God is dead!" in plaintive voices.

CHAPTER II.

THE TRIAL.

Passing this morning in his work, Mark Hillary saw John Atlee, the colonial constable, approaching. Then, looking upon his comrade, he waited until the constable had stopped and bade him good-morning, when, without paying any attention to the situation, he demanded:

"What do you want, Atlee? You haven't come out here just for a friendly talk, I know, so just spit out what you have and go."

The officer's face changed as though he had been particularly hard upon several of Atlee's weak points, and a most bitter enmity had sprung up between them. But he quickly regained the usual malignant look which always marked his face when near Hillary, and, in the manner which his soul thought would be most aggravating to the rough iconoclast, re-

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"I'm sorry to come on 'er cheer on such an errand, as me and you used to be such cronies; but an 'umble officer o' the law must do his duty, if it is unpleasant. I've got here in my pocket a writ for you, Mark Hillary, which bids you come before the magistrate and plead guilty or not guilty to a charge of blasphemy, so I guess you'd better lounge along with me."

"The church and the state keep up this nagging pretty well," was Hillary's rejoinder. "Wonder which one of my remarks touched the parson's flank this time." And he burst into a loud laugh that made the little constable turn pale, as, perhaps, Hillary meant it to do.

Throwing on his loose blouse, which had been hanging upon the limb of a tree, Mark, with a brief "Come along," started for the village. This was not the figure the little man had been expecting to cut. He had been proud of his commission and had thought with elation of appearing upon the street of Sagnack with his old enemy following in submissive captivity. His peace of mind was not increased by the cutting witticisms which Hillary fired at him continually, and which were all the more galling because the poor fellow felt his inferiority in not being able to understand them all.

Arriving at the Squire's house Hillary entered with no more ceremony than he would have entered the poorest cabin in the village, and with a hearty salutation to the Magistrate said:

"The church must love me well to send for me in the midst of woodchopping. Seems as if I am about the most popular man in Sagnack, at least you send for me oftener than any other. I'm ready-fire away. The meeting's open." With a glance at the minister, who squirmed in his chair, and half rose intending to rebuke such lightness, but whom the Squire motioned to remain seated, Mark sat down.

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CHAPTER III.

THE MINISTER'S DAUGHTER.

The God of ages, God of might and power

Two Handsome Summer Toilets.



Hats With Strings a Summer Fashion.

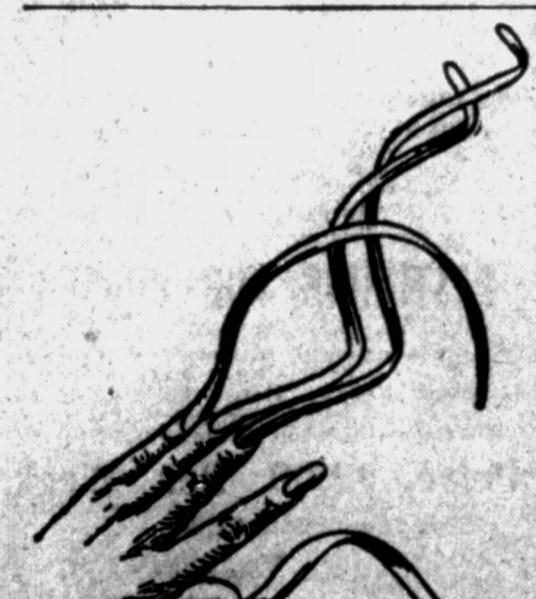
One of the really new ideas in the world of fashion has come in the shape of strings on hats. Not strings in the shape a girl ties them on to the sailor hat when she takes a steamer ride to Long Branch, but ribbon strings on the low-crowned English style of hat, with broad brim that rolls on both sides. These bits of ribbon can be any bright color. Then the bow, nestling under the chin, has to be very carefully selected, for if it is pink when it ought to be blue, or blue when it ought to be dark red or dark green, the effect is not likely to in-



crease the attractiveness of any girl. These strings are about an inch and a half wide, and are fastened at the back inside the hat. At first sight they seem very droll, but to many faces they are a great attraction, although they may prove a trifle warm about the throat later on. They can be worn by sweet sixteen or her mother equally as well, although the girl with a pretty curve at the throat is advised not to destroy it, unless she can tie the most coquettish and Frenchy of bows now. —New York Journal.

Finger Nails Like Birds' Claws.

To what extremes physical deformation for the sake of complying with certain fashions or as the fulfilment of ascetic vows can be carried is explained by Dr. I. Ranke, of Germany, in his recently published anatomical treatise entitled, "Der Mensch." He demonstrates that in all lands certain forms of malpractice have been indulged in. In old Peru, for instance, little children were placed under a head press and their scalps were shaped oblong. This was especially the case with the daughters of the nobles and with the members of the royal families.



HAND OF THE CHINESE ASCETIC.

The climax is reached, however, in the case of the Chinese ascetic who is set apart as a holy man to serve in the Joss House, who does not perform any manual labor and permits his finger nails, with the exception of those on his index fingers, to grow several inches long. Finally they become entangled and resemble somewhat the claws of an old bird.

A monster pearl, at the same time that it is a lovely one, has been fished up from the depths of the Gulf of California, which is very prolific in these gems. It weighs seventy-five carats.

The general law of forestry is laid down as follows in the forest laws of the Duchy of Baden: The forests are to be so cultivated by the cutting down and removal of old large trees that, without loss of time, a young forest can take their place.

MINIATURE
Boston Business Directory,

Giving the names and locations of Arlington and Lexington people doing business in Boston.

AUDITOR and Public Accountant.
EDWARD L. PARKER,
68 Chauncy Street, Boston.

BAILEY & RANKIN,
Carpets, Oil Cloths, Rugs, Etc.
No. 14 Summer Street.
Mr. Rankin resides at Lexington.

DR. J. W. BAILEY, Dentist.
218 Boylston Street.
Opposite Public Garden, Boston.

BROADWAY NATL BANK,
Milk St., cor. Arch.
R. C. Downer, Pres.
F. O. Squire, V. Pres.
J. B. Kellogg, Cashier. F. H. Curtis, Ass't Cashier.
Accounts of corporations, firms and individuals are solicited.

N. L. CHAFFIN,
Dining Rooms. Dining Rooms,
No. 63 Cornhill.

FROST & ADAMS,
37 Cornhill,
Artists' Materials, Artists' Supplies, etc.

HARRINGTON & FREEMAN,
Watches, Diamonds, Jewelry,
No. 59 Court St.

HOMER & HAMMOND,
53 Franklin St.
China, Glass, Crockery, Cutlery.
Fine lot of artistic and novel designs.

MILLS & DEERING,
Butter, Cheese and Eggs.
Stalls 22 and 24 Quincy Market.

A. S. MITCHELL,
Auctioneer and Real Est. Agent.
113 Devonshire St. Room 57.

NOURSES LEXINGTON EXP.
BOSTON OFFICES:
33 Court Sq. 75 Kilby St.

NEEDHAM'S ARLINGTON EXP.,
H. Johnson, Prop'r.
Boston Office, 105 Arch St.

JAMES H. SHEDD,
Auctioneer and Conveyancer,
Notary Public.

5 Waverly Block, Charlestown.
Residence, Draper avenue, Arlington.

ESTABLISHED 1842. INCORPORATED 1892.

JOHN P. SQUIRE & CO.,
Pork, Hams, Lard, Sausages.

2-28-25 Faneuil Hall Market.

SWEENEY'S OVERLAND EXP.

Arlington and Boston.

Offices 77 Kingston. 35 F. H. Sq.

Will attend to the care and preparation of bodies.

Constantly on hand an assortment of COFFINS, CASKETS and ROBES.

Carriages, Patent Folding Chairs and Flowers furnished when desired. Warehouses and office

BROADWAY, OPP. SOLDIERS' MONUMENT.

TELEPHONE, 26-3.

Residence on Mystic street. 26sep-11

Wm. N. Winn, Pres. Warren A. Peirce, Treas. Frank Peabody, Clerk.

J. HENRY HARTWELL & SON,
ARLINGTON,
Undertakers,

Lucretia O. Putnam.

of Forristdale, Mass., was utterly miserable and sick.

Her spine, liver, heart, and brain were all diseased.

The weight of her body caused terrible pains in her back, and it was sometimes several hours before she could dress.

This woman's trouble was in her womb, affecting her whole constitution. She found new life in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

She says: "I am like one raised from the dead. I was sick so long I thought I never could get well.

The suffocating, gasping attacks and awful bearing down feeling left me, my appetite returned, and my friends wondered at my improved looks. I believe Mrs. Pinkham's remedies are a sure cure for the misery of our sex."

WASHINGON LETTER

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.]

TREASURY BALANCES.—The treasury terminated the month of June in considerably better condition than has been expected. The general balance was \$115,231,520, a loss of only \$2,600,000 since May 31. The decrease in the general balance during May was \$7,243,450, and the fact that it is comparatively small for June is due to the considerable increase in internal revenue receipts. These have already reached \$12,635,000, and will be about \$13,000,000 for the month, against \$42,041,950 during May. The customs receipts show a continued falling off, and have thus far during June reached only \$6,202,000, the lowest point for many years. The aggregate receipts from all sources during June have been \$23,871,183, and the expenditures have been \$26,372,000, of which \$11,417,000 have been for pensions.

NO BOND ISSUE.—The statement is made from an authoritative source that no issue of bonds will be made by the administration during the summer, that the president and Secretary Carlisle are in thorough accord on the financial policy of the treasury, and that an end to gold exports to Europe is believed to be about reached. The administration expects the new tariff bill to go into effect by Aug. 1, and after that date increased revenues are looked for. During July expenditures will probably exceed receipts by \$15,000,000, which will reduce the available treasury balance by about \$100,000,000. The present outlook is that by deferring everything but absolutely essential payments, the treasury deficit for the current fiscal year, which closed Saturday, June 30, will be brought within \$75,000,000. Less than ten days ago it was estimated that it would reach \$78,000,000.

NO RETALIATION LIKELY.—The president sent to the senate a communication from Secretary Gresham replying to Senator Hoar's resolution calling for information as to possible retaliation by foreign governments on account of the proposed duty on sugar, and especially as to the probable exclusion of American agricultural products from Germany and Guatemala; also requesting the president to furnish any information received by the state department regarding the measure pending in the courts of Spain retaliating upon the United States for the proposed abrogation of the reciprocity clause of the McKinley act.

CLINE'S REPORT.—Informer Sill told his story of armor plate frauds before the congressional investigation committee. He took sheet by sheet of the "fake reports" made to the government officers and pointed out how Superintendent Cline of the Carnegie works had changed the figures to make them meet government requirements. It was shown that Mr. Cline had changed the record of almost every plate. These changes were relative to the time of heating, oil tempering and annealing, and were made to deceive the government inspectors.

"CRANKS" AT THE WHITE HOUSE.—R. S. Thain, a white-haired man, who claimed to be the president of the People's Defensive Union, called with a companion at the White House the other day and requested an audience with the president. Mr. Thain said one of the objects of the union was to afford additional protection to presidents of the United States. He wanted permission to deliver a patriotic address from the steps of the Capitol on the Fourth of July. The two got no further than the front door, and went away apparently satisfied when the usher told them the president was busy, and that the matter would be brought to his attention.

NICARAGUA CANAL BILL.—Members of congress interested in the Nicaragua Canal bill are not disturbed by the fact that a French company has been organized to complete the Panama Canal. Representative Mallory says it only emphasizes the need of prompt action by congress. Representative Doolittle of Washington, who is an enthusiast in favor of a Nicaragua Canal, is inclined to think that reports of French activity are started by opponents of the American project.

24,000 WORLD'S FAIR MEDALS.—Mint Director Preston is preparing specifications for the purpose of asking bids for striking off 24,000 copies of the composite Barber-St. Gaudens World's Fair medal of award. The work will be pushed as rapidly as possible.

SIZE OF THE WHEAT CROP.—The senate received a communication from the secretary of state estimating the visible supply of wheat at about 55,000,000 bushels. In addition to this there will be approximately 8,000,000 bushels of available wheat stocks on the Pacific coast and an indeterminate quantity that goes by the name of invisible supply. The total acreage of winter wheat is fixed at 23,116,172; acreage of spring wheat, 10,108,592, and the total number of bushels raised, 414,988,987.

CHARGED WITH 18 MURDERS.—State and navy department officials are considerably annoyed by the latest phase of the Salvador trouble. The statement is cabled from Salvador that a local judge has issued warrants for General Ezeta on board the United States steamer Bennington, charging him with 18 assassinations, 300 arsons and numerous thefts and assaults. The impossibility of executing these warrants constitutes the absurdity of the situation. No Salvadoran committee would dare go aboard the Bennington with them as that ship is American territory, and it is considered absolutely certain that no American would be willing to go with them.

BOSTON WHOLESALE MARKETS.

[To make the following quotations of value to buyer and seller alike, it will be necessary to carefully note the prefatory remarks which precede all articles quoted. In a market of this character it is impossible to give prices for every day of the week, but noting the general tendency of trade, those given will be found sufficiently close to enable dealers to base their transactions thereon.]

There is nothing new that can be said about the condition of trade. The hand-to-mouth method prevails in nearly all lines, and the old-time desire to make large deals and lay stock in excess of demand seems to have gone entirely out of fashion. This inactive condition of business will certainly continue as long as our large factories and shops are idle, which is really the power behind the throne that furnishes the necessary purchasing power for the working classes of the people. The general tone of the coffee market has strengthened during the past few days. Flour movements are quiet with prices steady. There is a moderate business in butter, with prices steady. The potato market is fair, with prices lower on new stock. Hay is firm for choice grades. Provisions are quiet. Refined sugar is firm with but little change in prices. The molasses market is really better than would be expected under the very hot weather since hot weather always makes a dull molasses trade. There is some demand. The crop of West India molasses about all shipped, and the arrivals, though they have been liberal, are nearly all well taken care of. The quotations are steady to firm under the recent strength in the raw sugar market. Rice continues firm. Pepper and cloves are both firmer, with prices advanced on round lots. Other species steady. The tea market is quiet, as it usually is at this season. There is a scarcity of good teas, especially in Formosa, and no good teas are expected till the coming of new teas, a few weeks later. There is some poor "trash" left, but the trade scarcely wants it. One or two of the first samples of black teas of the season have been received this week and sold at rather satisfactory terms. Several lines of samples will be here by mail this week, and they will be offered for sale. Indications in the trade suggest that they will be received. New Japan teas are at hand, and they are selling well for teas of good quality.

BUTTER.—Fresh creamery, 17@18¢; fair to good, 15@16¢; fresh dairies, 15@17¢; imitation, 13¢; ladle, 11¢.

BEANS.—22@25 for green, \$1.90@1.95 for medium; yellow eyes, \$2.40; red kidney, \$2.40@2.45; foreign, \$1.70@1.85; Cal., \$1@2.20.

BEEF.—Plate and extra \$9@11 per lb.; family and extra family, \$10.50@11. Fresh, 51¢@71¢; for steershinds, 7@10¢; for fat, 4@5¢.

CHEESE.—New, 91/4@10¢ for best Northern, 93/4@10¢ for Western.

COFFEE.—Rio, low ordinary, 181/4@181/2¢; good, 211/2@21¢; prime and fancy washed, nominal; Santos, 19@23¢; Java Timor, 25@27¢; Maracaibo, 23@23¢; Jamaica, 20@23¢; Costa Rica, 23@25¢; Mexican, 21@24¢; Guatemala, 23@24¢; Mocha, 25@26¢.

EGGS.—Fancy, 14@15¢; best Eastern, 121/2@13¢; Western choice, 111/2@12¢; Michigan, 12@121/2¢; Southern, 11¢.

FLOUR.—\$8.65@8.75 for spring patents, special brands higher; \$3.25@3.75 for winter patents; \$2.75@2.80 for clear and straight; low grades, \$2@2.25; Cornmeal, 30@32¢ per bag, and \$2.10@2.15 per bbl. Oatmeal—\$4.85@5.05 for rolled and ground; cut, \$5.10@5.30. Rye flour, \$2.75@3.

FRUIT.—Baltimore strawberries, 7@10¢; Jersey, 8@12¢; Long Island, 11@12¢; Foreign fruits—Oranges, 200 counts, \$3@3.50; higher counts, \$4@4.25; hl. boxes, \$1.50@2¢; lemons, \$2@2.25; fancy, \$3.50@4¢; Cuba pineapples, \$5@8¢; extra, \$9@10¢; bananas, No. 1's, \$1.75@2.15; eight hands, \$1.50@1.60; No. 2's, \$1@1.25; evaporated apples, 131/4¢@1.50; sun dried, 7@9¢.

GRAIN.—Baltimore strawberries, 7@10¢; Jersey, 8@12¢; Long Island, 11@12¢; Foreign fruits—Oranges, 200 counts, \$3@3.50; higher counts, \$4@4.25; hl. boxes, \$1.50@2¢; lemons, \$2@2.25; fancy, \$3.50@4¢; Cuba pineapples, \$5@8¢; extra, \$9@10¢; bananas, No. 1's, \$1.75@2.15; eight hands, \$1.50@1.60; No. 2's, \$1@1.25; evaporated apples, 131/4¢@1.50; sun dried, 7@9¢.

PLUMS.—\$8.65@8.75 for spring patents, special brands higher; \$3.25@3.75 for winter patents; \$2.75@2.80 for clear and straight; low grades, \$2@2.25; Cornmeal, 30@32¢ per bag, and \$2.10@2.15 per bbl. Oatmeal—\$4.85@5.05 for rolled and ground; cut, \$5.10@5.30. Rye flour, \$2.75@3.

POULTRY.—\$1.60@1.75 for good to choice; mutton, 71/2@81/2¢; yearlings, 7@8¢; veal, 7@8¢.

MOLASSES.—New Orleans fancy new 34@35¢; choice, 28@32¢; centrifugal, 12@13¢; fancy Ponce, 28@32¢; choice to fancy, 25@27¢; Mayaguez, 23@26¢; Barbados, 23@25¢; St. Kitts, 21@22¢; boiling, nominal, 14¢.

POULTRY.—Northern spring chickens, 9@10¢; fowls, 11@14¢; Western turkeys, frozen, 10@11¢; Western chickens, frozen, 11@12¢; ice broilers, 23@30¢; fowls, frozen, 10@11¢; ice, 9¢.

PORK.—\$1.50@1.60 for long and short cuts and heavy backs; light backs, \$1.40@1.50; lean ends, \$1.20@1.30; Fresh ribs, 31/2@4¢; sausages, 81/2¢; sage meat, 71/2¢; hams, 10@11¢; smoked shoulders, 81/2¢; corned shoulders, 71/2¢; bacon, 101/2¢. Tierre lard, 73/4¢; pails, 81/2¢; city dressed hogs, 7¢; country, 6¢.

RICE.—Foreign is in good demand, but very little Carolina is selling. Patna rice is quoted at 4@5¢; Japan, 41/2@5¢.

SUGAR.—Extra quality, granulated, 4¢; fine, 4.06¢; cut loaf and crushed, 5¢; cubes, 41/2¢; soft white, 31/2@4¢; extra C, 31/2¢; yellows, 3@31/2¢.

SPICES.—Black pepper, 91/2@10¢; white, 91/2@10¢; red pepper, 12@14¢; red, 12@14¢; cloves, 14@16¢; Amboyna, 18@20¢; Zanzibar, 11@13¢; cassia, 8@10¢; Saigon, 30@35¢; ginger, 14@16¢; Cochin ginger, 14@17¢; Jamaica ginger, 19@20¢; nutmegs, 55@65¢; mace, 50@60¢. Cream of tartar continues unchanged. Crystal, 20@21¢; ground and packed, for trade, 21@22¢. Starch, potato 31/2@33¢; corn, 21@24¢; wheat, 5¢@6¢.

PORK.—\$1.50@1.60 for timothy, 9@10¢; red top, with rice, 9@10¢; clover, 10@11¢; Peas, \$1.10@1.20 for best Canada, \$1.05@1.10 for Northern green, and \$1.15 for Western green. Hay, \$1.50@1.75 for the best; lower grades, \$1.15@1.30. Straw, \$1.40@1.50 for ry, \$1.50@1.60 for oat.

Arlington Advocate

OFFICE

Swan's Block, Arlington Ave.

Published every Friday forenoon by

C. S. PARKER & SON,
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Arlington, July 6, 1894.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Reading Notices, per line, - - - - -	25 cents
Special Notices, " - - - - -	15 "
Religious and Obituary Notices, per line, - - - - -	10 "
Ordinary Advertisements, per line, - - - - -	8 "
Marriages and Deaths—free.	

Our lady readers will be pleased to know that Mme. Griswold, whose advertisement can be seen on another page has a fine line of summer corsets at a reasonable price.

The eve of Independence Day, says the Journal, is a grotesquely inappropriate time for voting on a tariff for revenue only. It was on that day, just 105 years ago, that our first McKinley bill was enacted.

The Governor and Council held a meeting at the State House last Friday, and the Governor nominated J. Warren Bailey of Somerville to succeed Frank Jones on the Prison Commission. Mr. Jones's term had expired. Mr. Bailey is one of the leading Republicans of West Somerville. He was for a number of years on the Ward and City Committee, has been President of the Somerville Common Council, a member of the House of Representatives, and was Deputy Warden of the State Prison under Warden Gideon Haynes.

The General Court of Massachusetts was prorogued on Monday after a session of exactly six months, the longest excepting that of 1890, which was a few hours longer, since 1883. It is the last legislature which will meet in the old historic State House, and the next one will hold its debates in the new annex. It was 7.05 p. m., when both branches adopted an order calling on the Governor to prorogue the Legislature, the committee on the part of the Senate to convey the message to His Excellency being Senators Milton, Bill and Fitzgerald. On the part of the House the committee was composed of Messrs. Weston, Hathaway, C. Sullivan, R. Kelley, (John) Quint, Shea, Hibbard, Hale. His Excellency during the session has signed 546 acts, 111 resolves, has vetoed 4 acts, 4 have become laws without his signature by constitutional limitation of time.

The old brick house on Broadway, Somerville, near Willow Bridge, which can be discerned from the windows of our local trains and which has for years stood unfinished, with barred doors and windows, was sold at auction Saturday afternoon to settle the estate of the late owner of the building, Samuel Welch, who died about four years ago. The story goes that many years ago Welch was engaged to a young lady named Mary Thresher, but that she discovered he got his money by winning a prize in a lottery, and, therefore, refused to marry him. The work on the house was discontinued and it has so remained ever since. Welch would give no reason for allowing the building to remain in such a state, but paid his taxes. And when people got inquisitive about the house he told them to mind their own business. The property was purchased by one of the heirs of Welch.

Gov. Greenhalge gave a hearing before the numerous protestors against his signing the Meigs elevated railroad bill at the chamber of the Executive Council, on Monday. There was a strong array of partisans present to speak for and against the measure, and there was great anxiety among the friends of the bill as to what would be the final outcome till the announcement was made that the Governor had signed the bill, and the friends of the measure were a good deal delighted, though not as much so as they would have been had the bill gone through in its regular form. Mr. Joe V. Meigs was given the quill with which the bill was signed. One of the friends of the bill suggested that he was afraid that this was about all Mr. Meigs would ever get out of it. The measure as it now stands provides for the submitting the act to the people of Boston for their approval and nothing material can be done under it until such approval is secured. It provides that the capital stock shall not be less than \$10,000,000, which may be increased to an amount not exceeding \$20,000,000, all issues of bonds to be subject to the approval of the Railroad Commissioners and to be by them certified, under the provisions of the anti-stock watering bills. The amount of bonds is not to exceed \$20,000,000. To secure damage claims \$500,000 damage claims must be deposited with the Treasurer of the Commonwealth, which must be kept good at all times. It is provided that the taking of land shall constitute a new servitude and damage awards must be paid within 30 days or the Supreme Court may order the road to cease operation.

Now that Babe has reached the point of maturity, he may be about as attractive as a pugilist now and again.

By a vote of thirty-nine to thirty-four the Senate passed the tariff bill, shortly after ten o'clock on the eve of the 4th of July. Preceding the passage of the bill ill-feeling was aroused in the Senate by the rancorous remarks of Allen, the populist of Nebraska, who claimed he had been betrayed into supporting the bill. However, at the final vote the only negative votes on the bill outside the Republican ranks were those of Preller and Senator Hill. Webb, the Washington correspondent for the Journal, writes as follows as to the stand taken by Hill:—

"The fact that Mr. Hill voted alone of his party against the bill was really a surprise to the Republicans. They had thought that he might have protested against the income tax, as Smith of New Jersey did, yet vote with his party under duress for the bill. But he took a consistent, manly course. Mr. Hill said: 'As between a Populist income tax on the one hand and the Republican tariff on the other, I choose the latter as the less of two evils. As between pernicious class legislation, fraught with dangerous consequences to the country, and simply high tariff taxes on the other hand, I prefer to endure the latter, at least for a brief period, if I am compelled to choose between them.'

Mr. Hill concluded: "The course which duty and consistency require me to pursue in this matter is clear to me. Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I cannot and will not support this bill in its present shape." It may, perhaps, be worth noticing as an illustration of the skill with which this tariff bill of sale was framed, that Mr. Brice of Ohio, one of its chief framers, whose house was the headquarters of the Sugar Trust, predicted that the bill would pass the Senate by five votes, and it did.

Mr. Stewart, who is counted as a populist, voted against the bill with the Republicans, as it had always been supposed that he would. Mr. Irby, of South Carolina and Mr. Murphy of New York did not follow Hill in opposing the bill.

The conferees on the bill on the part of the Senate are: Democrats, Voorhees of Indiana, Harris of Tennessee, Vest of Missouri, Jones of Arkansas; Republicans, Sherman of Ohio, Aldrich of Rhode Island, Allison of Iowa.

THE EDITORS' PLAY DAY.

ASBURY PARK, N. J.

July 2, 1894.

A brief paragraph in our last week's issue announced that this week the annual gathering of United States newspapermen, as represented in the National Editorial Association, would convene at this palace July 2-7, and that the Massachusetts Press Association would occupy nearly similar dates with their twenty-fifth annual summer outing. In pursuance with that plan a company of ladies and gentlemen took ears at the depot of the "Norwich Line" to New York, foot of Summer street, Boston, on the evening of June 30, in a special car provided through the courtesy of Gen. Ticket Agent Babcock, (his right-hand man, L. H. Beaver, personally conducted the party until it was well on its way) and in due season reached New London, where all were shortly in comfortable quarters in the state rooms assigned before leaving Boston.

A trip to New York by way of Long Island Sound is too familiar an experience to our readers to entitle it to special mention, and yet the approach to New York through East river and the wonderful panorama of the power of wealth and the marvelous beauties of nature there is to be seen will never lose its charm for me. The City of Churches on the left, stretching miles on miles along the shore of Long Island; the great metropolis of the nation now built up with solid brick and stone edifices of narrow proportions miles above Harlem river; the wilderness of masts and spars on either side that tell the enormous proportions of the commerce of the great rivers and of old ocean; that beautiful structure in mid-air on which the larger portion of the traffic and travel between the sister cities ebbs and flows in a ceaseless stream; old Governor's Island and its ancient fort where our honored friend, Gen. O. O. Howard, has his headquarters; Bedloe's Island with its great, graceful Statue of Liberty—the Frenchman's grateful tribute to his sister republic,—refreshing in its turf of shining green; the piers on either side of the noble Hudson as it broadens towards the ocean after crowding through the narrows of the stately palasades above from which the noble ocean racers start with their crowds of passengers off for a vacation trip to the old world; these and many similar things which, though often seen have still a touch of novelty, give to this method of reaching New York an attractiveness that nothing but an imperative business demand would ever induce me to go by any other route.

The "itinerary" of the party included a day in New York, and arrangements were made with the Broadway Central Hotel (Hon. Tilly Hayes, proprietor of the U. S. Hotel in Boston, also runs this establishment) to entertain the quill drivers; but only about half the party went there, journalistic friends of members residing in New York being at the landing at Pier 40 to carry their special friends to the suburban residences in which they take pride. The party at the "Broadway" was most comfortably entertained, and all will have a pleasing remembrance of the day. I went to Brooklyn in the afternoon to call on friends residing there and was struck with the marvelous development of the upper section within the past two years. Whole sections which then were little more than stretches of pasture land are now covered with substantial blocks and palatial apartment houses. My friend informed me that numbers of his ac-

quaintances had given up single houses for quarters in these apartment hotels because of the enlarged conveniences they afforded.

Yesterday the reduced toll for travel on Brooklyn Bridge went into effect. The reduction consisted in selling two tickets for five cents, leaving three cents as the price of a single fare as before. This led to no end of complications and a constant blocking of the narrow passage-way, which nothing can be more provoking to the average New Yorker. The man who planked down five cents got a ticket and two cents unless he asked for the two tickets. That was the way the ticket sellers interpreted the orders.

The average New York or Brooklyn man in line to buy bridge tickets isn't in the habit of wasting words. In fact he seldom speaks, but indicates his wants by signs, one finger meaning one ticket, two fingers two tickets, and so on. That habit has grown and become fixed, and when you ask several thousand citizens with a fixed habit to change that habit all in a day, and especially when you require them to change it without even telling them it is necessary, what may ensue can be imagined. It ensued yesterday, and the bad words fell like snow in a blizzard. A fanning crowd stood in line all day at each of the ticket windows. More than half of the people wanted to buy two tickets, and asked for two tickets, and paid six cents for them.

This morning our party, more than doubled by accessions of Mass. press men coming to New York by other routes than the one we had chosen, started for Asbury Park via the Pennsylvania R. R., a decidedly independent corporation, for we could not buy a hundred tickets a cent less than any person could procure a single ticket, and before noon we were delightfully domiciled at the Ocean Hotel on Asbury avenue (the principal thoroughfare of the city), over which Messrs. George L. Atkins & Sons preside with the skill of veterans. A tour of the hotel made to-day convinces me that their claim that the "Ocean" is the best hotel in the city is valid. It has 220 choice sleeping rooms, furnished better than any hotel the M. P. A. has visited in recent years and having the conveniences and attractions which are the delight of the summer vacationer,—music, dancing and social pleasures.

The National Editorial Association met this morning at 10 o'clock in a great auditorium overlooking old ocean which has a seating capacity of two or three thousand, and here the delegates and those accompanying them met to receive the greeting of the state of New Jersey extended through its Governor. The doings of a gathering like this will be of slight interest to those perusing this column, but it may not be out of place to insert here what a journal of national circulation says about it, as follows:—

"Since the organization of the association it has grown, not only in members, but in power and influence. It may not number among its active members the editors of a few newspapers whose chief claim for distinction lies in the large number of copies of their papers circulated daily, but it does include hundreds of editors, each in his own way as powerful as the men who affect to ignore his usefulness. The 'country editor,' as he is called by his brethren in the city, is in possession of greater power and more far-reaching influence in proportion to the circulation of his paper than can possibly be the editor of a metropolitan newspaper. The former is numbered by thousands, while the latter are easily within the range of hundreds to eunates. From the ranks of 'country editors' have graduated some of the leading lights of American journalism. It has been found that progressive ideas are not patent to editors in the large cities, and that the man in charge of a cross-roads patent insides can frequently give points of great value to the fellow whose publication is run off on a perfecting press."

I find by going about among the people here that Massachusetts has a large delegation present, probably eighty people, and I noticed that in the business session her representatives held places of responsibility and influence. I find also that every state in the Union is represented and that the British provinces have a number of representatives.

Coming here for a period of rest and recreation I had paid little attention to the doings of the National Editorial Association with which I have no official connection, but have instead wandered through the streets and avenues of this really remarkable place and visited its hotels and other buildings of interest. In one sense if it's a city of hotels, for here are gathered during the vacation months, at the height of the season, a population of 125,000 where during other seasons of the year not more than 12,000 find a permanent home. These hotels, and their number is legion, are built almost exclusively of wood, as are also the larger portion of the private dwellings, but they are attractive in outward design and construction, roomy and airy and supplied with all modern conveniences.

Arriving here on the eve of the celebration of the National Anniversary, I was surprised at the absence of the traditional celebration of the "Glorious Fourth" which had already begun before I left home. Not a firecracker had been exploded in my hearing since my arrival here, and on inquiry I learn that the firing of any kind of cracker, squib or rocket is prohibited by law, and that in this case prohibition does prohibit. Along the water line the patriotic boy can shoot off his fire crackers, but what he would be to the average boy to light his bunch of cracklers where there was no possibility of anyone lighting it, I have for some years desired to know, and the chances are that there will be ample gratification in the year of grace 1894.

But I thought to write a paragraph or two about this novel and to me peculiarly attractive summer resort. I remember this city very well as it existed twenty odd years ago as a succession of swamps and sand hills, the last place on earth one would think of reclaiming and beautifying, and yet to-day it is a well-drained plain of wide area, encircled by an electric road, laid out in streets and avenues covered with a gravel clay that pack solid and creates the most and universally attractive design of the buildings which constitute the busy city.

Immediately south of Asbury THE GRAND is bounded on the north by a narrow body of water called Weekly Lake, in Ocean Park, and on the south by the Hudson River. The Hudson is the southern boundary of the State of New Jersey, and here are located the

quaintances had given up single houses for quarters in these apartment hotels because of the enlarged conveniences they afforded.

Yesterday the reduced toll for travel on Brooklyn Bridge went into effect. The reduction consisted in selling two tickets for five cents, leaving three cents as the price of a single fare as before. This led to no end of complications and a constant blocking of the narrow passage-way, which nothing can be more provoking to the average New Yorker. The man who planked down five cents got a ticket and two cents unless he asked for the two tickets. That was the way the ticket sellers interpreted the orders.

Last evening I spent about two hours on Ocean avenue, which extends from one extremity of both places to the other. It was crowded with pedestrians who like myself were charmed with the dash of the boiling sun on the steep, hard sand of the shore, the music of the bands in the pavilion or the general attractiveness of the promenades.

The Discovery Saved His Life.

Dr. G. Cailoutte, druggist, Beaverville, Ill. says: "To Dr. King's New Discovery I owe my life. Was taken with La Grippe and tried all the physicians for miles about, but of no avail, and was given up and told I could not live. Having Dr. King's New Discovery in my store I sent for a bottle and began its use, and from the first dose began to get better, and after using three bottles was up and around again. It is worth its weight in gold. We won't keep store or house without it." Get a free trial at the drug store of A. A. Tilley, Arlington, and H. A. Perham, Lexington.

These summer days are delightful, and there is no better time in the whole year to sit for a photograph than now. It is just the time to take the children, and especially the babies, to have their pictures made. Manager Tupper, at Pach's studio, Cambridge, always has splendid success with the little ones, and a trial is only necessary to prove this. The studio is on Main street, near arvard square.

Marriages.

In No. Cambridge, June 29, by Rev. M. J. Welch, John J. Robinson of Arlington, and Mary McCreath, of Cambridge.

In Arlington, June 28, by Rev. P. M. O'Connor, Dennis P. Hayes and Mary C. Hicks, all of Arlington.

In Arlington, June 27, by Rev. J. J. Glynn, J. Joseph Hurley and Annie T. Kelley, all of Arlington.

Deaths.

In Arlington, June 28, Elizabeth, daughter of Daniel B. and Lena M. Cahill, aged 3 months, 7 days.

In Arlington, July 1, Orris W., son of Gifford H. and Lottie S. Davis, aged 8 years, 6 months.

In Lexington, July 4, Harold Nowers Henderson, infant son of Robert B. and Hattie L. Henderson, of Arlington, aged 7 months, 27 days. Funeral from residence, Addison street, Arlington, Friday, at 8 p. m.

FOR SALE.

A light second-hand Harness in good condition. Address Box 154, Arlington.

July 1

HOUSE TO LET

In Arlington,—one of the pleasantest houses on Arlington avenue, very convenient to churches, schools, library, stores, etc. It is supplied with spring water; is suitable for 1 or 2 families.

Apply to O. W. WHITMORE.

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TO LET,—a tenement of 7 rooms, located in the centre of Main street; rent \$12 per month.

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HARD WOOD KINSLING

FOR SALE, \$6 PER CORD,

delivered in Arlington. Sewed stove length and split.

All orders by mail promptly filled.

P. O. Box 51, CARLISLE, MASS.

June 15, 1894.

I take this means to announce to my friends and the public that I have taken out an auctioneer's license and am prepared to offer my services for the disposal of all kinds of property at public sale. I shall for the present, make my headquarters at the offices of the Co-operative Bank, 290 Arlington Avenue. I shall be glad to confer with any who desire this kind of service, and will pledge my best endeavors to further their interests.

EAST LEXINGTON LOCALS.

—Miss Alice and Corinne Locke are enjoying a visit at Lowell.

—Mr. Bradford Smith has entered upon his duties as a member of the Board of Health.

—Lawyer Cotton and family are occupying the house on Middle street formerly occupied by Mr. John Wright.

—Ex-Mayor Brown's house is very slightly, and as it is to be built for sum- mer use they hope to complete it this month.

—Miss Aggie Brown, who has been attending school in New York the past winter is home again, and Mr. Crawford Brown is now occupying with his family Rev. G. W. Cooke's house.

—We are requested by Mr. Childs, our local postmaster, to state that hereafter our afternoon mail will close at fifteen minutes past four, instead of thirty minutes past four, which has been the time in the past.

—All the class from the Grammar school passed the examination for the High school, viz: Avonnie Wentworth, Addie Dodge, Ernest Nichols, Walter O'Hara, Arthur Stone and Mary Hale. We do not know whether any were condoned.

—Last Saturday afternoon Miss Lydia N. Hardy invited her class in the Adams Grammar school to go with her to Norembeaga tower in Waltham. Mrs. Locke, Miss Hamblen also went in their carriages, and took some of the young people with them. It proved a jolly company and they had a fine time.

—This week we have celebrated the glorious Fourth, enjoying—or otherwise—the tooting of horns, firing of crackers, torpedoes and the general noise attendant upon the day. There were some displeasures, but every one was grateful for the rain which came even in a small quantity the previous day and the pleasant sunshine the Fourth.

—Mrs. Alfred Pierce's house is nearly completed, on Locust avenue, and is leased to Mr. Holt, of Somerville. The house is very convenient and every particle of room seems to be utilized. The builder was Mr. Alex. J. McKay, of Woburn, and the house bears evidence of good work. He will build the adjoining house, which is to be erected for Mr. Van Ness, on Pleasant street.

—We understand Miss Prescott, from the Hancock school, is appointed as principal of the Adams school, and Miss Ingraham teacher of the next grade, and Miss Carrie Fiske has been promoted from the primary, with increased salary, to the next higher grade, and we have not heard that a teacher has yet been appointed to fill her place. Miss Fiske has for so many years been identified with the beginners, and by her peculiar adaptability won their love, and also the parents', that she must receive congratulations mingled with regrets.

—Mrs. W. F. Caldwell, on Main street, will have charge of the branch of the flower work mission for East Lexington this summer. All are desired to bring garden or wild flowers to her residence Thursday nights, and the cars will carry them free of expense. This is a noble and beautiful charity, and it is hoped all will gladly join hands to make it a success. The Wide-Awake and Lend-a-Hand Clubs should be particularly interested.

—Last Friday afternoon Miss Cora A. Ball, of the graduating class of '04, of the Lexington High school, invited her classmates to a five o'clock tea at her pleasant home in our village. After partaking of the dainty repast, they enjoyed music and the time was passed very pleasantly relating incidents in their school life. The paths of the members of the class will probably diverge and their lives be radically changed but while they are pledged to take no steps backward we are sure it will give them pleasure to often look backward and recall the happy days spent in the L. H. S.

—Some feel that it is not for the improvement of our village to close Follen church two months in the summer, and many strangers are often boarding here or visiting, and while people may like a rest for one or two Sundays after staying away from church for nine Sabbaths may lose their interest and the habit becomes a permanent one. While our village seems to be gaining it is a question whether letting the grass grow round the closed church door most of the summer is a helper in that direction.

—Mrs. Isaac Parker, who resides in the south part of the town, has just passed another milestone in her long life journey, as last week occurred the 93d anniversary of her birthday. It seems as if she must be the oldest lady, if not person, in Lexington. She is certainly a remarkable person and is beloved and respected by a large circle of friends, who very heartily extend to her their warmest well wishes, with the hope that she may live to celebrate her hundredth birthday.

—For several weeks school examinations and graduations have been the leading topic, but now all are closed and we wonder and query what will become of the great army of young gentlemen and ladies? Some doubtless will prosecute their studies still farther after a season of rest, while others will travel extensively and see what treasures are to be found in other countries, but the great majority are thinking even now what life work they shall pursue, anxious in the choice, if possible, to fall into their right place. In the different departments of the Adams

schools one class has been promoted from each school and it is to be hoped that a band of new recruits will enter the primary school.

Arlington Heights Locals.

—The prayer meeting topic at the chapel this evening will be "A noble man—Nehemiah."

—Mr. Alfred Bicknell is once again a summer visitor at the Heights, being domiciled at "The Hawley."

—Wallace Cole started out this week on his bicycle for a trip to Alton Bay, Lake Winnebago, where he spent the 4th.

—Mr. J. C. Holmes and family, which included also the dog, left their home on Friday last for Bayville, Boothbay, Maine.

—The sidewalks on the hill were the worse for the heavy rain fall on Tuesday afternoon, but everything else rejoiced in its copious refreshment.

—The hay on the Bolles farm was harvested on Monday. The weather has been capital for haying and the crops have been quite heavy.

—The stone wall running along the J. A. Bailey place, on the avenue, has been set back in accordance with the new bounds of the thoroughfare.

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—Women are certainly taking the lead. Of the three in the list of judges awarding prizes to the winners in the parade of horrors two were women,—Mrs. McBride and Mrs. Pope. Their associate was Mr. W. A. Bullard.

—The subject of Rev. Robt. E. Ely's sermon on Sunday morning, July 8th, will be "Christian Union." Service at 10.45 at Union chapel. In the evening Mr. Ely will give a talk on the topic of "Learning from the Salvation Army."

—As is usual, during the heavy showers, on Tuesday afternoon, a miniature pond settled on the upper part of the avenue, just opposite the stopping place of the electric cars. There is a depression in the street at this point and the water drains into it, making an annoying nuisance.

—The little periodical store on the Heights, of which Mrs. Deane is the proprietress, enjoyed a fine 4th of July sale of fireworks, flags, masks and other commodities necessary to make the celebration by young America of Independence Day a complete success. Mrs. Deane showed commendable enterprise in being able to anticipate the demand.

—It was a sight almost worthy a journey to the Heights to witness the torrents of water pouring down Park avenue, during the heavy thunder shower Tuesday afternoon. The waters collected in such quantities that at the entrance to the culverts they were heaped up several feet before space was had through them to convey the torrent to its destination.

—We doubt if any one displayed a more rare and valuable set of Union colors on the 4th than Mrs. Marion McBride, at her pleasant home on Claremont avenue. The entire flag and its materials was the product of this country. The silk was reeled from cocoons in Philadelphia and woven into form and comeliness at Pateron, N. J., and makes a heavy silk flag, and one that is highly ornamental. There were five of the flags made at the time, two being placed in the capitol at Washington, and two being presented at Philadelphia, while Mrs. McBride is the proud owner of the fifth. The flags are unique from the fact that they are the only ones which are the entire product of the resources of this country.

—The young men at the Heights celebrated on the 4th with a procession of horrors. A company of about fifty turned out and furnished a capital and amusing show. The line of march was taken up about four o'clock and the chief streets were marched over, much to the edification of the inhabitants thereof. Harry Peirce was chief marshal. At the conclusion of the march the boys sat down to a fine breakfast, served in Union hall, prepared by the ladies who had

interested themselves in the affair. The following prizes were awarded for the most unique and striking costumes: First single prize, \$2.00, to William A. Downing, who wore a girl's costume made of paper; second prize, \$1.00, to Harold Ring, personating a devil; first prize in doubles, \$4.00, to Harry White and Louis Berthrong, who were labeled "The Heavenly Twins;" second prize, \$2.00 to Geo. Lloyd and Fred White, who got themselves up in great shape as a colored couple.

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The Even-Song.
Now the west is warm, and now
Plaintive is the bird on bough;
Now the primrose shyly opes,
Watching for its sister stars,
And the flocks adown the slopes
Loiter toward the pasture bars.
Now that thickening shadows throng,
This shall be our even-song.

Unto youth, with night above,
Welcome are the wings of love;
Unto age, when shades grow deep,
Welcome are the wings of sleep.

Now the brooding ear receives
Little laughter from the leaves;
Now the breeze is like a breath
Over seas from shores of spice,
And the heart within us saith,
"We are nigh to paradise."

Now that discord were a wrong,
This shall be our even-song:

Unto age, when shades grow deep,
Welcome are the wings of sleep;
Unto youth, with night above,
Welcome are the wings of love.

—CLINTON SCOLLARD, in Harper's Bazaar.

A Romance Warmed Over.

"No youthful romance warmed over for middle age, I thank you," said Mrs. Nellie Hunt, with decision to her niece, Edith Daly. They were gathering chrysanthemums at Mapleton, Mrs. Hunt's pleasant homestead, where her niece from the west was visiting her.

"Why, auntie, I thought youthful romances were the best kind," said the young girl, shyly. (She had one on hand herself.)

"Yes, dearie, so they are at your age," lying a bright blossom against the girl's flushed face. "You remember I said 'warmed over.'"

"Well, auntie, I don't any objection to having it warmed over if it were all it should have been at first," Edith urged. "I'm sure mamma thinks as I do—that Major Townley is a fine man and would make you a splendid husband."

"Yes, dear, that is undoubtedly she told me so herself. I think it is a conspiracy among my friends," said the elderly lady, playfully.

Edith buried her chin reflectively in a yellow mass of bloom, while her eyes looked over it into her aunt's still fresh and not uncomely face.

"I don't want to be inquisitive, auntie, but, oh, I would so like to know what separated you long ago," said she suddenly.

Mrs. Hunt started a little, then smiled.

"I'm afraid it would only spoil the romance for you," she replied, "the circumstances were so prosaic. Yet it is the little things of life that go to make up the important whole. Major Townley and I were schoolmates when we were young, and I cannot remember when we were not attached to each other. We graduated at the same time at the town academy, where we got a little tincture of Latin. It is said that 'a little learning is a dangerous thing.' Certainly it was in our case. After we left school we kept up our studies together. One evening we got into a discussion about a certain line of Virgil. We could not agree about the translation, and we were unwise enough to argue the matter too long and too warmly. Neither would admit of being in the wrong. The result was that unkind words were spoken, and our engagement was broken off. You must remember that we were both young—I only eighteen and he not yet twenty-one."

"Which was in the right?" asked Edith.

"I don't know, dear. I didn't even look the matter up. I think we were both sorry, but we would not acknowledge it, so we took separate roads, and now we are both middle-aged and prosaic, and I, at least, am a little gray. As for the major, I have not seen him for years."

Mrs. Hunt had been a widow for some years, and the gentleman in question had lost his wife a couple of years before, so that mutual friends, knowing of their former romance, had been, perhaps, a little too officious in their efforts to effect a reconciliation. They argued that time brings wisdom, and it was presumable that in the light of a score of years they had lamented the impetuosity of youth which had barred the way to satisfactory explanation.

Three months later, one dreary December day, there was a storm very nearly akin to a blizzard raging in the Western States. The air was laden with sleet that seemed armed with needles, and carried by the gale with a force and rapidity that threatened to impede locomotion.

Travel was suspended and telegraph wires were down.

On a snow-bound train in Indiana we find our friend Mrs. Hunt, who had been summoned by telegram to the bedside of her sick sister, and had run right into the teeth of the approaching storm.

Six hours before the huge iron horses had halted in sheer discour-

ment, and the snowbanks seemed to have been walls of adamant separating the belated travelers from their homes. Apprehension was followed by anxiety as night settled down on the weird, white scene.

A squad of laborers brought into strong relief against the white background by the headlight of the engine, working vigorously in the biting blast. The blockade had occurred near a village, and through the storm the glimmering of friendly lights told of rural peace and plenty, cheering if unattainable.

But as the hours wore away even these disappeared and left the night a prey to snow and cold and sleet and howling winds. Within the car there was a growing sense of cold physically and foreboding thought mentally.

Mrs. Hunt thought sadly of her sister; perhaps she would die, not knowing how near her Nellie was, and tears forced themselves through the closed lids. A little child's cough sounded through the car. What a place for a sick baby! She promptly tendered her assistance, and in helping another in trouble forgot her own discomfort and anxieties.

The night wore away as nights will however uncomfortable, and as Old Sol condescended to favor the travelers with his smile, answering smiles seemed less difficult.

It was a white, trackless world the sun looked down upon—very cold and forbidding in its beauty, and conveying to Mrs. Hunt that sense of breadth, of wide, level distances, which always strike a New Yorker with a sense of surprise when the prairies are seen for the first time.

Soon there loomed into view an ox team with a snow plow, in various directions spades were piled with vigor, and anon there arrived on the train an aroma of hot coffee, very tempting to benighted beings many miles from the home dining room.

A man of about fifty years of age, with dark hair and mustache, and a singularly winning smile, was followed by a stout mulatto boy, with huge pail and loaded basket, dispensing coffee and sandwiches. As they made the tour of the train each car cheered the caterers.

As the gentleman approached the little woman in widow's weeds he gave a little start, which, however, was unobserved by her.

As she took the proffered refreshment she said, impulsively:

"This restores my faith in Western hospitality."

"Had you lost it, madam?" he asked, and without passing for a reply passed on.

It was Mrs. Hunt's turn to start. That voice! Where had she heard it before? Directly memory took her back to a score of years. A New York village came to view. A cold white moonlit evening, and she looking from the window of a rambling old farmhouse, watching a tall, slender young man as he hurried down the country road. She watched him out of sight thinking that he might come back; but he did not, and she never spoke to him again—for he left the village and went West—until now; he had faded out of her sight in a bank of snow-drifts lining the road; he had come back to her again out of the white drifts which had blocked her way and brought him to her. She called back from her reverie by the low-spoken word, "Nellie!"

A quick flush suffused her face as she said: "You know me, then?"

"When I first saw you," he replied.

Taking a seat near her, a low conversation ensued. They talked and laughed over the dear old days; with saddened voices they spoke of griefs which had come to each of them in the long years of separation; a softened light came into their faces and the misunderstanding of the past faded out naturally, without need of explanation.

Toward night, just before the train reinforced by another engine, pulled out, he held out his hand at parting, saying with a smile:

"But that line in Virgil—who was right, Nellie?"

She laughed, and then sighed a little, saying:

"We were both wrong."

"But we are both right now, are we not?" he asked.

For answer she put her hand in his.

A Goose's Luck.

A carriage comes suddenly upon some geese in a narrow road and drives straight through the flock. A goose was never yet fairly run over, nor a duck. They are under the very wheels and hoofs, and yet they contrive to stop and waddle safely off.

Habitually stupid, heavy and indolent, they are nevertheless equal to any emergency.

Preservation of the Forests.

Nearly all the nations of Europe are engaged at the present time in so controlling the forest supply that every bit of public and private property in trees is placed under restrictions against destructive cutting. The forests are highly protected, and even where no state control exists the freedom in cutting trees which exists in this country is unknown, says the Cincinnati Commercial Gazette. In Germany during the last twenty-five years some 300,000 acres have been reforested, and the government has granted \$300,000 in this way to private owners of waste land. In Austria, since 1852, a forest law, which exercises a strict supervision over the forests, both public and private, has been in existence, and no one is allowed to devastate a forest to the detriment of adjoining holders of land, and every cleared or cut forest must be replanted within five years. In Italy the effort is constant to increase the amount of wooded lands, and the government contributes three-fifths of the cost of reforestation, upon the condition that the work is done according to its plan and instructions. In Switzerland the national government contributes from thirty to seventy per cent. of the establishment of new forests, and from twenty to fifty per cent. for the planting of protected forests, and the law is very strict in regard to cutting. France is also deeply interested in public forest property. The forests belong largely to communities and public institutions, as well as to the state, and they are controlled in a manner similar to the regulation of forests in Germany. Here, as well as there, no clearing is allowed except by the consent of the forest administration. In all these countries the strictest attention is paid to the subject of forestry, and schools are everywhere maintained for the purpose of instructing men in this work. Russia has been the only nation where forests have been until lately under no restriction, but since 1888 even this country has had its forest law and offers loans on favorable terms for the protection and increase of the forests. Hardly any European nationality is without its state control of the forests or men are instructed how to take care of them. They are trying in Europe in every way possible to save the forests, and in the United States efforts are now being made in nearly every commonwealth to regulate and control the wooded lands, but our people are not yet ready to accept the stringent measures which have been employed in Europe, as a necessity, for their preservation.

Care of the Eye.

Everybody should have his own bed, towel, sponge and soap, make his hand toilet in running water, live and sleep in well ventilated rooms, and come under the cleansing influence of outdoor air and sunshine at least an hour every day of his life, for the health of his eyes. Roller towels, family wash rags and the habit of using a bath or basin of water a second time produce more diseases of the eye and ear than all the fevers on the list of plagues. There are forty-three diseases of the eye, and more than half are contagious. Fully 25 per cent. of the sore eyes among babies and young children and 11 per cent. among adults are preventable. The most common disease, granulation of the lids, is contagious, and should be quarantined. In the surgical wards of public and private institutions towels are frequently burned and bandages and dressings always the moment after use. Cataract patients are put in separate rooms in isolated wards. In all serious cases surgeons change their clothes, and often wear enclosed spectacles. Considering the pricelessness of sight, too much care cannot be taken of the eye.

Poison Lurks in Flowers.

M. Joal, a French specialist, is of the opinion that for many persons poison lurks in flowers not usually ranked among the poisons. He argues that the system is poisoned by the oils of certain flowers and partial suffocation from the carbonic gas. Such favorites as roses or even violets and lilacs have been found to have such an injurious effect on the vocal organs that a number of famous singers keep these expensive and beautiful tributes at arms length. Faure advises singers neither to keep flowers in their rooms at home nor the theatre.—New York Post.

A Short Way Out of It.

Papa—But why do you sign the letter "Your loving son, Amy?"
Amy—Why, of course Mamma will know, and I couldn't spell daughter—Lila.

At the same time Charles Rugg, the

GIANT REDWOODS.

A Remarkable Timber Belt in Southern California.

Felling These Forest Monarchs is a Fine Art.

One of the most remarkable timber belts in the world says a San Diego (Cal.) letter to the New York Times, stands in Humboldt and Mendocino counties of this State. It embraces 4,225 square miles, containing 12,000,000,000 feet of timber. With the aid of the microscope, scientists have found the age of some of these trees to be nearly 3,000 years. Some of the fallen trees have remained where they fell for 800 to 1000 years, so it is estimated, with scarcely any deterioration of the wood.

Eastern tourists in California know but little of these redwoods, (*Sequoia sempervirens*.) They usually see the few mammoth redwoods of California (*Sequoia gigantea*.) and go home and tell their friends about this disappearing tribe of giants. The lumber redwoods of Humboldt are less talked about, yet one of its trees will yield over 100,000 feet of boards, and fill a freight train with logs.

Felling these trees, which are 150 to 250 feet high, is a fine art acquired only by the most expert chopper.

He must have excellent judgment as to the lean of the tree, and other peculiarities which may affect the direction of its fall. He drives a stake 100 or 150 feet from the base of the tree, and prepares a level bed in direct line from base to stake, and on that line the tree must fall. An axe kerf is then made on the side where the tree is to fall. The apex of the obtuse triangle made by this kerf points exactly at the distant stake.

The tree is cut one-third through with the axe. On the other side of the tree, opposite the axe kerf, a saw kerf is started. This is done by boring two holes horizontally and driving in wooden pins on which the twelve to twenty foot saw rests until the kerf is sufficiently deep to steady the saw. Broad, thin iron wedges are driven in after the saw to prevent the doomed tree from pinching it. At each end of this saw "ears" are bolted on, which can be removed and the saw be withdrawn in case of trouble. Wedges are made to follow the saw until the wood dividing the saw kerf from the axe kerf is narrowed to a width where wedges can be made to force the tree, with all of its great weight, to lean in the direction in which it is to fall.

The tree is toppled over, and so exact is the chopper's work and calculation that almost invariably the falling trunk drives the stake aimed at when operations were begun. An error in the fall of the tree is likely to cause the tree to break and cost the lumberman more than the chopper's wages for a month—\$125. These virgin forests are so densely timbered that, if cleared at once, there would not be room enough on the ground for the trunks. "Peelers" follow the choppers. With long steel bars, flattened at one end, they pry off the thick bark and burn it. Then comes the cross cut saw man, who cuts the tree into logs. These are transported to the sawmills by rail, cut into boards, and shipped to market.

Redwood is so free from resinous matter that it will not burn readily. When firing it chars. The immunity from fire of towns built of redwood lumber is remarkable. Large conflagrations are unknown. This lumber shrinks so very little that it is used by builders in a green state. The beauty of the wood for finishing work is marked, as it frequently has a curly face and also a bird's-eye grain.

This redwood promises to be a popular wood in the Eastern States.

A Dove's Strange Companionship.

"I can recall a strange incident that has never found its way into print," said a member of the New York Congressional delegation to a Post reporter.

"It happened in Long Island, in the Queens County Jail, and to say the least, is tinged with a strangeness. Patrick Casey, a Long Island City policeman, was an inmate of the jail, under the sentence of death for the deliberate murder of his superior officer, Sergeant Cumiskey. The present representative in Congress from the 1st Congressional District of New York, James W. Covert, was Casey's counsel, and succeeded in having his sentence commuted to imprisonment for life. On the day Casey was sentenced to death a pure white dove flew in the courtroom window and alighted on his shoulder.

The dove refused to be removed, accompanying Casey back to his cell and became his constant companion.

At the same time Charles Rugg, the

notorious colored murderer, was also an inmate of the jail, awaiting trial for the murder of Mrs. Lydia Maybee and her daughter. Just previous to the day set for his trial Rugg escaped from the jail, but two days later was captured and returned to the jail. The day of his capture was the day set for Casey's removal to Sing Sing to serve his life sentence. As he was being taken from the jail and while in the Sheriff's office being prepared for his journey, Rugg was led in by his captors. All this time the dove had been perched on Casey's shoulder, but as soon as Rugg was led in by the dove flew from Casey's shoulder and over to Rugg, alighting on his shoulder, cooing as if it had found a long-lost friend.

"All efforts on the part of Casey to call it back were in vain, and as Rugg was led back to the cell from which he escaped the dove went with him up to the morning of the execution. On that morning, as Rugg marched up the scaffold, the dove was perched on his shoulder, and remained there until the black cap was drawn over his face. As soon as that was done the dove flew out one of the jail windows and was never seen around the jail again."—Washington Post.

A Snake-Killing Cat.

"Did you ever see a snake-killing cat?" asked J. L. Provine, of Americus, Ga., of a group at the Lindell after dinner yesterday. "I had one once that had a regular passion for killing snakes. I was running a lumber camp in Florida. It was a very sparsely settled county, plenty of marsh and rotten trees, and altogether an ideal retreat for snakes of all kinds. We never did know where that cat came from. It strolled into camp one day, although there was not a house within ten miles of it. The next day we found it engaged in mortal combat with a rattlesnake. The snake did not last very long. After that the cat would kill every snake it found. It would begin by patting it softly with its paws, perhaps scratching the skin just a trifle. Its purpose seemed to be to irritate the snake to the striking point. When it rose to strike, the cat would jump around it, and nip it in the back before the snake could turn its head. It would yank the snake by the tail, and keep on nipping it until its back was broken in several places. Then the cat would drag the dead snake to camp with great pride, and would purr and sing in great shape. That cat kept the camp itself clear of snakes. Before that time we were almost afraid to go to sleep for them. When we broke camp I tried to bring the cat away with me, but it would not follow. It stayed in its native woods, preferring hunting snakes to civilized life."

—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Who Should Advertise?

Who should advertise? is a question that has been propounded and answered in different ways. Our answer, every one who has anything to sell whether it is product of the hand, brain or machine, and in cases where those who wish to buy, or secure, or exchange anything that they cannot obtain conveniently, they should advertise.

Advertising should be treated precisely as any other investment, and in nine cases out of ten it pays a better profit than anything else for which money is spent.

The best evidence that advertising pays, is the fact that millions of dollars are invested in it by all sorts and kinds of trade and by the most successful business men in the land. Of course it pays. No sensible man can believe that successful business houses advertise and become extensive advertisers for the fun of the thing. With them it is business just as much as buying stock or selling products. There are certain principles of trade that men ought not to ignore, and among them the principal one is regular, legitimate and persistent advertising.—Western Stationer.

Franklin's Reply.

One of the anecdotes told of Benjamin Franklin's youth is in connection with his visit to London when nineteen years old. He was in search of work, and having learned the printer's trade, went straight to a printing office and made known his errand. The foreman was rather supercilious and said: "Ah, a lad from America seeking employment as a printer. Well, do you really understand the art of printing? Can you set type?" Young Franklin stepped to one of the cases, and in a brief space set up these words from the first chapter of John's gospel: "Nathanael saith unto him, Can any good thing come out of Nazareth? Philip saith unto him, Come and see."

"An' we'll call it 'Spang' for short," said Dolly.

"All right," said Mamma Tom, "and now we'll get it home—if we can."

It did seem at first as if they might have to leave Spang where they found her. But by coaxing and pushing and pulling and waiting and running it finally came to pass that the horses and

and boys and girls and the dog and the bossy-calf all got home to a late



KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all drug-gists in 50c and \$1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

RADWAY'S PILLS,

Always Reliable, Purely Vegetable.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, purge, regulate, cleanse, and strengthen. RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Dizziness, Vertigo, Costiveness, Piles,

SICK HEADACHE,
FEMALE COMPLAINTS,
BILIOUSNESS,
INDIGESTION,
DYSPEPSIA,
CONSTIPATION

—AND—
All Disorders of the LIVER.
Observe the following symptoms, resulting from disease of the digestive organs: Constipation, inward piles, fulness of head, a desire of food, fulness of weight of the stomach, heartburn, rattling or fluttering of the heart, shocking or suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, dimness of vision, dots, & redness before the sight, fever and pain in the head, drowsiness, indigestion, yellowishness of the skin and eyes, pain in the sides, limbs, and sudden flushes of heat, burning in the teeth.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above named disorders.

Price 25c. a Box. Sold by Druggists, or sent by mail.

Send to DR. RADWAY & CO., Lock Box 386, New York, for Book of Advice.

Grateful Comforting

And Invigorating

For

Weak Stomachs

Weak Bowels

Weak Nerves

Is

Sanford's Ginger
Purest and Best
Of Warming
Stomachics

Containing among its ingredients the purest of medicinal French brandy and the best of imported ginger, it is vastly superior to the cheap, worthless, and often dangerous gingers urged as substitutes.

Ask for SANFORD'S GINGER and look for our trade-mark on the wrapper. Sold everywhere.

PORTER DRUG & CHEM. CORP., Boston.

W. L. DOUGLAS

\$3 SHOE IS THE BEST.

NO SQUEAKING.

5. CORDOVAN.

FRANCE ENAMELLED CALF.

4.50 FINE CAFE CAHANIER

4.50 POLICE, 3 SOLES.

4.25 WORKMEN'S

EXTRA FINE.

\$2.75 BOYS SCHOOL SHOES.

LADIES.

3.25 BOYS, 2.75

BEST DONGOLA.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

W. L. DOUGLAS

BROCKTON, MASS.

You can save money by wearing our

W. L. Douglas \$3.00 Shoe.

PERAYNE'S ELIXIR VITA.

Special Nerve Compound.

Will absolutely remove all nervous disorders.

Symptoms: Indigestion, dyspepsia, trembling sensations, headache, uneasiness, twinging pains in hands and arms, weariness after slight exertion, with great irritability, and a desire to sleep, with a disposition to fainting resulting from long sickness and sleeplessness.

If you are troubled in this way we will cure you and will prove it, as the effect of Payne's Elixir is known to all. Price 25c. a bottle. Send for application. Cut this ad, out and send with your address and receive one, or ask your druggist to get it for you.

STANDARD MEDICINE CO.

Car. Tremont St. Boston, Mass.

JOHN W. MORRIN,

Washington, D. C.

John W. Morris, Washington, D. C

ARLINGTON LOCAL NEWS.

—A bicycle race afforded a ripple of interest and excitement, in spite of the sultry heat of Saturday afternoon, and collected quite a crowd of spectators at the junction of Pleasant street and Arlington avenue, when the race started. The race was held under the auspices of the Middlesex Club, of Cambridgeport, and eight men were entered. The starting hour was placed at 3:30, but it was just five minutes of four when Waldo Chamberlain and Robt. Hoffmann were shot off for their ten-mile run to Waltham and back to the stakes placed just below the end of the old burying-ground. The other entries in the race followed a few moments later as follows: Geo. Robertson, Geo. Rich, Clarence Bartlett, Walter Coolidge, Clarence Landrath and Amos Loubris. The last two were "scratches," the latter starting 3 minutes after the first man out. Robt. Hoffmann was the first man in, winning the race in 30 minutes and 8 seconds.—capital time. Loubris made the best time record, making the run in 29 minutes, 53 seconds. The other men came in on a few minutes apart as follows: Landrath, Coolidge, Chamberlain, Robertson, Bartlett and Rich. A number of spectators witnessed the race.

—The intense heat of last Saturday had its effect on the attendance at the banquet given in G. A. R. hall, to celebrate the 10th anniversary of the Wounded's Relief Corps No. 43. Caterer Harry furnished an elaborate spread which was served at five o'clock, and the table was decorated with some choice flowers sent by Mrs. E. Nelson Blake. In the

Hornblower & Weeks,

Bankers & Brokers,
53 STATE ST., ROOM 203,

BOSTON.

HENRY HORNBLOWER,
Member Boston Stock Exchange.

JOHN W. WEEKS, member of New York Stock Exchange.

Aug. 14

SINGING.

Mr. F. L. Diman will receive pupils in the art of Singing and Sight Reading.

For terms, etc., address P. O. Box 88, Arlington.

Sept. 15

HENRY A. WEIR,



Funeral Director.

Particular attention paid to the preservation of bodies for long or short periods.

Experienced associates (male or female) in attendance as the cases require.

Female embalmer furnished where desired.

OFFICE:

268 ARLINGTON AVENUE.

RESIDENCE 25 MYSTIC ST.

Calls, day or night, promptly attended to.

TELEPHONE CONNECTION.

Located for in the cemetery, 5 Jan.

SAVINGS BANK BUILDING,

280 ARLINGTON AVENUE.

HOUSES FOR SALE OR TO LET

Also 100 Desirable House Lots for sale on reasonable terms.

REAL ESTATE CARE FOR.

A. J. TILLSON,

REAL ESTATE ACT.

OFFICE:

SAVINGS BANK BUILDING,

280 ARLINGTON AVENUE.

HOUSES FOR SALE OR TO LET

Also 100 Desirable House Lots for sale on reasonable terms.

REAL ESTATE CARE FOR.

Please Read This

If you wish your lawn, trees, shrubs, etc., kept in a suitable manner you should give us a trial. We do it by the day or season. We undertake the formation of new lawns, etc., and furnish everything to beautify them. Parties wishing Roses, Trees, Shrubs, etc., should communicate with us as early as possible, as the sooner they are planted after the season opens the better they will grow. Advice at all times cheerfully and freely given.

SIM & DUNCAN,

Painters and Landscape Gardeners,

22 PLEASANT ST., ARLINGTON.

S. P. PRENTISS,

TEACHER OF

PIANO, ORGAN, VIOLIN AND

HARMONY.

VIOLIN FOR SALE AND RENT.

Pleasant street, Arlington.

The World's

Standard Books

Hair Matrices

Glazed and Colored

ED. S. DODGE,

22 Pleasant St., Boston.

THE American Civil War Book AND GRANT ALBUM.

A portfolio of large sized half-tone reproductions of the highest order,
designed to perpetuate the memory of

GEN. ULYSSES S. GRANT,

Depicting some of the most important scenes and incidents

in connection with

THE CIVIL WAR; PRESENTS AND SOUVENIRS RECEIVED BY
GEN. ULYSSES S. GRANT ON HIS MEMORABLE "TRIP
AROUND THE WORLD;" THE LAST DAYS OF GEN-
ERAL GRANT AT MT. McCREGOR; THE FUN-
ERAL PROCESSION IN NEW YORK: FINAL
CEREMONIES AT RIVERSIDE PARK.

The original negatives from which these pictures are taken, ARE THE ONLY COLLECTION OF THESE EVENTS IN EXISTENCE, AND HAVE NEVER BEEN EXHIBITED IN ANY FORM TO THE PUBLIC, and are of intense local and national interest to every one, and on which over \$200,000—and years of labor, have been spent by the publisher.

President Hesselton and his efficient committee provided a capital 4th of July fest at the Arlington Boat Club house, on the evening of the 4th. The committee consisted of the president as chairman and Messrs. T. R. Paris (treas.), Arthur H. Richardson, Jere. Colman and Fred. D. Norton. The program opened with a minstrel show, which had its presentation on a float moored in front of the club house on Spy Pond. The minstrels were club men dressed in white duck, who sang choruses in great style, but only a few of them were blacked up. The end men were Messrs. Carter and Hesselton, whose witicism and local "crubs" were highly amusing to those who heard and could appreciate them. A number of solo parts furnished variety to the program, but lost much of their effect in the open air as only those near by could hear well. Mr. Edwin F. Deering made quite the hit of the performance both by his comic song and his original witicism. The program was as follows:—

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In the views of "The Grand Funeral Procession in New York," the entire ground is covered from the lying-in-state of the body in City Hall to its final interment, at the tomb at Riverside Park. The scenes herein present, by actual photographs and names, virtually every official of prominence, both civic and military, who participated in it as follows: The President and Cabinet; U. S. Senators; Pall Bearers; Guard of Honor; Su-

preme Court; Commanders and Staffs of the Grand Army, Military and Naval organizations; Scenes at Riverside Park; Hudson River Views; The First Decoration Day at his tomb, May 31st, 1886; The Pictures are such as these and the demand for them cannot be miscalculated.

They will be wanted by men of the Grand Army Posts and of the Loyal Legion, and all the veterans and their children everywhere, who will hold these prints, as further proof of title to an immortal heritage; by all the organizations and individuals who appear in any of the scenes depicted, and of these persons there are thousands; by all good citizens for whom, whether in the midst of canons or cabinets, Grant stands for the Genius of American patriotism and the good order of a free people, a great example to our rulers and a lesson to our youth, for other heroes in a time of need, teaching in the words that all great masters use in every art, "Imitate me;" by all the present army and its friends which, since it so small, is mentioned here for honor more than profit, but there is not an officer or man in it who forgets that no equal glory rests upon the arms of any other nation on the earth; all won under the law and for liberty and peace, by that type of character which was embodied in General Grant; by all the homes throughout the land; in some to be enshrined in nook or corner, as fit moments of great sacrifice and loss which only found its gain in Grant's success, and in the rest because there is none that would not be adorned.

By all of these it should be sought for art, for beauty, for historic truth, for lesson and example, and for pride, for heroism, loyalty and fame and also, but more kindly, for affection's sake.

THE AGENCY FOR ARLINGTON AND LEXINGTON

HAS BEEN GIVEN TO

C. S. PARKER & SON,

PUBLISHERS,

and we shall be glad to supply our subscribers with the parts of this work as they are issued at

20 cts. per number,

Parts 1 to 5 now ready for delivery. Call and examine specimen numbers.

ber, in which his rich-toned and expressive voice was heard with even more pleasure than in the former, although they were both artistic and fine in their rendering. The church was handsomely decorated with palms and bouquets of cut flowers.

—Rev. H. F. Fister, pastor of the Universalist church, and three other clergymen, all riders of the wheel, left for New York on Monday, where they took the Aurora on Tuesday for Liverpool. His companions are Rev. F. O. Hall of Lowell, Rev. Albert Hammitt of Brockton, and Rev. L. M. Powers of Cambridge. They will "do" England, Wales, Scotland and Ireland on their wheels. Setting out from Liverpool, they will go first to the English lake country, then to Stratford-on-Avon and next spend a week in London. Their route will then be through the following places: Canterbury, Hastings, along the coast to Brighton, Poersmouth, Isle of Wight, Winchester, Salisbury and on to Bath and Monmouth and they will spend three days in Wales. They will visit Oxford and Cambridge, and passing into Scotland, will visit Melrose Abbey and Edinburgh and go through the mountains to Glasgow. In Ireland they will visit Londonderry, the Giant's Causeway, Belfast, Dublin, Killarney, Cork and will finally take the steamer for home at Queenstown.

—There was an entertaining game of base ball on Lawrence field, between the A. B. C. nine and the Cambridge Y. M. C. A. nine. It was the outcome of a challenge of the Benedictos of the A. B. C. given to the bachelors, the former having been beaten by the latter a short time ago. The Benedictos presented the following talent: McKay 1b, Parris 2b, E. Kimball, 3b, F. Russell s.s., Wyman r.t., Durgin and Phinney lf., Marston c.f., McDonald p., Whittemore and E. Rankin c. The Bachelors: Gay 1b., O. Homer r.f., W. Homer l.f., Bunce e., Swan and Hill 3b., A. Crosby c.f., Goodwin 2b., Ellison s.s., White p.

Innings..... 1 2 3 4
Benedictos..... 0 0 0 21-21
Bachelors..... 0 0 0 15-21

The game having lasted two hours was called a tie, with much relief to both sides. The affair was enlivened by the strains of an itinerant hurdy-gurdy, the custodians of which were lured upon the grounds by a lavish shower of silver. Carter performed very well upon the machine for a beginner, and one of the bachelors kindly and successfully essayed the difficult role of "a monk."

—Members and friends of William Penn Home Co., No. 2, to the number of forty or more, celebrated the night before the 4th in a rational and at the same

time, a reunion of the Corps and members of Francis Gould Post 36, took place, and the occasion passed off in an informal and social way. Refreshments of ice cream and cake were served during the evening, but there was no entertainment.

—It has been suggested that an effort be made, this year, to make "Trader's Day" a genuine town holiday, with a program of sports, and possibly a band concert in the evening. The idea is that the day be made a fête day at home rather than a mere excursion down the harbor or to some picnic grove. We think the suggestion an excellent one, but if it is to be carried out a committee should be chosen at an early date to have charge of the inaugural of the "Trader's Holliday."

—A. B. C. Celebration.

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